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The Lost

Diamonds.

A PLAY

IN ONE SCENE AND ONE TABLEAU.

BY

C. P. E. BURGWYN,

A. B., C. E., M. AM, SOC. C. E.,

AUTHOR OF "THE HUGUENOT LOVERS,"

THE LOST DIAMOND.

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Richmond, Va. :

J. W. RANDOLPH & CO., PUBLISHERS.

1894.

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TMP92-008742

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SAMUEL SLAUGHTER, ESQ., A Western Millionaire.

LAURA, His Daughter, somewhat romantic.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE CÆSAR, An F. F. V.

PEYTON RANDOLPH, Another F. F. V.

ARCHIBALD ARUNDEL, ESQ., A Reputed English Nobleman.

SERGEANT, One of the Finest.

POLICEMAN, His Shadow.

SCENE.

A VILLA AT A FASHIONABLE SEASIDE RESORT.

TABLEAU—TWO YEARS LATER.

THE ALTAR AND THE HALTER.

THE LOST DIAMOND.

[*Curtain rises, discovering Cæsar.*]

CÆSAR: Fore de Lord. Hur am me, Napoleon Bonaparte Cæsar, whar hab consented to sarve dese (*novò riches*), am cum to sich a pass dat I am called a nigger, and a black nigger at dat. I've hurd no sich aspussion since enduring ob de war, when dat calvryman tuk liberties wid my pusson. [*Reflectively.*] Dat am no gemmum whar addresses sich reflection pon me. Old Kurnel Peyton used ter say, Cæsar, you knows a gemmum whar you sees one. Now you put the gemmums togedder, and de poor white trash you seats wid demselves. I neber calls a man a gemmum whar ain't one. I'll git eben wid dat—dat—dat—nincompoop or bust. Oh! how am de mighty fallen! Here is de young missus done sent me for to fin' her dorg. If I finds him I'll drown him right in dese—dese—bil-lows. Lord sakes! dar she am. Wouldn't I kotch goss if she hurd what I'se sed! [*Exit at D. Laura enters from B, calling as she enters.*]

LAURA: Flossie! Flossie! Here, Flossie. I wonder where Flossie can be! [*Looks around.*] Can it be that she has gone down among those rocks into the water? Flossie! Flossie! Oh! there she is. Here, Flossie, come here. Mercy, she'll get drowned. Help! help! help!

Enter RANDOLPH at E: What is it? Who needs help?

LAURA: There, Flossie, my dog; oh! save her; do save her, and I will give you anything. [*Randolph leaps over the railing, instantly disappearing. Laura wrings her hands, leans far over the railing, then draws back.*]

LAURA: Splendid! what a leap! Oh! Flossie 'll drown before he reaches her—saved! [*In a minute or two Randolph enters at D. with the dog, which immediately disappears off the stage; then he leisurely approaches Laura, who starts towards the dog, but stops and turns to Randolph, takes out her purse, and offers him a coin.*]

LAURA: I hope you will not be offended if I offer you a small token of my appreciation of your—your energetic action.

RANDOLPH: [*Folding his arms, advances slowly towards her, keeping his eyes intently on hers.*] A little while ago you offered me anything; now you offer me what would be worse than poison were I to take it.

LAURA: [*Starts and looks as if trying to recall a thought.*] It is true I offered you *anything*, but that meant nothing. I want to show gratitude, but you repel it. Won't you name something which I can give you?

RANDOLPH: You can give me many things, many of which I might be unable to appreciate. [*Comes a little nearer, still eyeing her intently.*] There is one thing you might give me which would deprive you of no treasure, but which would recompense me far more than I am worthy. [*A pause. Laura twists her hands somewhat nervously, and averts her face.*]

LAURA: What recompense do you want?

RANDOLPH: The gift of a recollection hereafter that fate once decreed that you should prove kind. Let me carry the memory of my present good fortune as an antidote against whatever ills the future may have in store for me. [*He pauses, and during the silence cautiously takes her hand.*]

LAURA: [*Breaks away from him.*] How dare you talk to me like that? Do you not know I could summon those who would punish you for such presumption?

RANDOLPH: [*Calmly folds his arms; draws himself up to full height.*] If you wish to test my courage, you have but to

speak the word, and this time I trust to be able to exhibit it more successfully. [*Pauses. They look at each other intently.*] But enough for the present. I will be more generous than you, for I will absolve you of your debt to me, and offer an atonement for my offence towards you.

VOICES: Laura! Laura! where are you, Laura?

LAURA: They are calling me. We are giving a party to-night, and I must go to receive my guests. I must say good-bye. [*Starts rapidly off at first, then slowly ascends the steps and turns round at the door.*] Good-bye. [*Exit.*]

RANDOLPH: [*Stands looking at the door for a short time. Music strikes up behind door.*] How often! oh! how often have I formed part in such a scene! How often has it wearied me to listen to the ignorant vaporings of such a throng, and yet now that none are near to vouch for my—respectability—I am debarred an entrance. What would my boon companions say if they knew how to-night I envy those who are privileged to hold converse with that fair young girl? I wonder who she can be, any way! [*Pauses.*] She must be the daughter of the house. [*Pauses.*] There is no use of my staying here; I might as well leave. [*Reflects.*] I will, however, wait in these recesses a little while, and, unobserved, be a witness to their gaiety.

[*Exit at B. Enter Sergeant and Policeman from D and E. They crouch and walk stealthily forward.*]

POLICEMAN: Sergeant! Sergeant!

SERGEANT: Meh boy.

POLICEMAN: Is this the place where we were to meet to-night?

SERGEANT: You have sized the pile, meh boy.

POLICEMAN: Can it be true that these high-steppers are guilty of such crimes?

SERGEANT: They are high-steppers, and some step too high; they generally come down to stepping very low.

POLICEMAN: Sergeant, you are too many for me.

SERGEANT: Well, meh boy, you are but a kid in this business. It is like this: Some little notice is taken of a young buck, which often turns his head. He leaps forward and hits the mud; he gets spattered. He must keep up appearances, so he changes raiment and makes a still wilder plunge. If he does not then check himself, it generally results that we are called in to check him up. We are the boys that can do the checking. Compronny voo?

POLICEMAN: Ich ferstayen see nicht. Say, Sergeant, they surely do not steal.

SERGEANT: Oh! no, my lamb! They never steal. They appropriate. You will find our high-stepper of to-night as good an appropriator as a pension shark.

POLICEMAN: All right, Sergeant. Show me the game. I will bag him or bust.

SERGEANT: It is this: The theft of the diamonds was committed in so unprofessional a manner that we knew it was none of the boys. The chief sized up a clue, and, gad zooks! it is one of the Four Hundred themselves. We have traced one of the rings here to-night, and we will land our fish as prettily as you please. But it must be done in a genteel way. There must be no scene. We must stand by the record as the finest, and take our man by himself. Come, meh boy, let us take on a move, even as we will take up our man.

[*Exit Sergeant and Policeman at B and C. Enter Randolph at D.*]

RANDOLPH: I have demeaned myself so far as to watch at the further windows in the vain hope of catching another glimpse of a pretty face. Who would believe that of all men I should be such a fool? And yet there is a mysterious something which draws me irresistibly to this spot to-night. I wonder if it can be true that in some unknown way one mind can be influenced by another when far off! I feel a strong

force impelling me to linger around this house; yet reason warns me away. Oh! for human companionship. I who have so often longed to be alone am now desirous of fellowship, and with such as these. I suppose I am being punished for my former exclusiveness. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small. [*Enter Cæsar from door.*] Hello! here comes one whose mouth I can open readily, though he were as dumb as an oyster in its shell. I will find out from him who my enchantress may be. [*Addressing Cæsar.*] Good evening, Uncle, how does your corporosities seem to sagaciate on this festive occasion?

CÆSAR: [*Eyes him critically for a minute.*] Sarvent, sarvent, sar. I gibes you my abesence: I addresses, sar, a likely gemmum.

RANDOLPH: Here, Uncle [*giving him a coin*], here is a little something for you to remember me by [*aside*], even as you call to remembrance my old plantation home.

CÆSAR: I see, sar, dat I sizes you up kerrectly.

RANDOLPH: What size, Uncle, am I then in your reckoning?

CÆSAR: You observe, sar, dat I squistrates all pussons inter three sorts: dem whar am gemmums, an' doan try to be; dem whar tries to be, an' ain't; an' dem whar ain't, an' doan try to be. I sizes you, sar, among de fust.

RANDOLPH: Good enough, old man. And now that you have sized me up, I'll tote far, and size you. You belonged to one of the old families. Who are these people, and how come you with them?

CÆSAR: Dat, sar, am easily splained. Dese pussons am de rich Slaughters from de West. I is poor Cæsar from de Souf. I gits der money, and dey habs my spierience.

RANDOLPH: Is he Mr. Samuel Slaughter, of Chicago, who in 1863 was connected with the department at Johnston Island?

CÆSAR: I b'liebs he wuz, sar.

RANDOLPH: Is Miss Laura his daughter, who at that time was little child, and who often brought flowers to the prisoners?

CÆSAR: Yes, sar. She am now de young missus. She am, sar, a pearl afore de swine. Dey is gibbing dis party ter show her off afore de young bucks. I calls it scandlous, sar, dis way ob doin'; dat when a young gal gets grown, dey axes all de gemmums to come and luk at hur and see how dey like hur. Dey goes off and talks 'bout hur like she war a race-hoss up for sale.

RANDOLPH: [*Aside.*] Impertinent puppies. I would like to catch one doing it. [*To Cæsar.*] I suppose there are a number of these young bucks sampling her, as you call it.

CÆSAR: No, sar; not many. Dere is de son ob de brewer, den dere is de nephew ob dat hog-killer, an' dat ar railroad pusson, an' a preacher, an' dat man whar tries to sing, an'—an'—an'—dat—

RANDOLPH: For mercy's sake! are there any more?

CÆSAR: Only a few more, sar. Dere's dat honery cuss whar called me a niggar.

RANDOLPH: The scoundrel!

CÆSAR: He am for a fact, sar. I nose he am no gemmum. [*Comes closer to Randolph and lowers his voice.*] An' I b'liebs, sar, dat he am a don rite scalawag, and I'd like ter see his head punched.

RANDOLPH: All right, old man. You show him to me, and I'll fix him for you. See here! [*He brings his hand heavily down on Cæsar's shoulder, and lifts him up by the coat at the nape of the neck. Cæsar gets up on tiptoe.*]

CÆSAR: 'Fore de Lord, sar, who wud ha' thought dat you wuz as strong as dat. I'll pint him out ter yer widout fail. You jist circumambiate round here fur a while and I'll luk him up. [*Exit Cæsar at B, Randolph at C. Enter Laura from balcony window.*]

LAURA: How glad I am to get away from those heated rooms and those tiresome people. Why is it that among all that crowd there is no one man who towers above all the rest, whose touch I could endure, and who would prove himself my master? My father would rejoice to see me married, and I dare say there are some among these very people who would satisfy his choice, but not mine. I wonder how my future lord will be? I would like him to be tall and strong, and yet so gentle that he would not harm a living thing. His voice should be low and sweet, but when put forth should show determination in its tone. His eyes should shine as soft as moonlight on a sylvan scene, but flash like lightning when his soul's aroused. His face, ah, me! Beauty in a man I do despise. It shows effeminacy in the graceful lines. It is a rugged manhood that I most adore. [*Pauses. Randolph re-enters.*] I wonder who it was that rescued Flossie from a watery grave. He must have thought my conduct light in that he seemed presumptuous in his eager way. I almost thought it was a dream when first he touched me. Would he were here, that I might put his courage to the test again.

RANDOLPH: Your thought, fair lady, is answered by my wish. Say but the word which weighs my courage in the wavering balance, and I'll essay my best to prove it.

LAURA: Who are you, that comes upon me so unawares when I was talking to myself?

RANDOLPH: I am one whom you, when a child at Johnston Island, sometimes favored with a gift of flowers. Your ancient retainer has just now dubbed me a "gemmun." I have endeavored to do justice to such a title.

LAURA: It does begin to seem as if I had known you a long time.

RANDOLPH: Time is best measured in the minds of men by some great action which it falls upon.

LAURA : Did you not just now rescue Flossie? How came you there?

RANDOLPH : Fate, not I, preserved your pet. Strange chance brought me to-night once more within the magic of your beauty's charm. Again a chance brought my ungoverned footsteps where your unconscious words fell thrilling on my listening ears. Your strange confession has so fired my soul that it is eager to put forth its power. Tell me wherein I may show that courage which you dwelt upon.

LAURA ; I should have been more careful in giving to my wandering thoughts an echo for a listening ear. I would take it back were not words so lightly spoken far beyond my own recall.

RANDOLPH : Oh ! do not grudge me that. To-night has ushered in upon my aimless life a beacon light to guide it to some worthy sphere. Give me but hope, and I will scorn the world's disdain.

LAURA : Hope on, since you will have it so. When the fabled goddess let loose upon a stricken world those ills to which mankind is prone, she kept back Hope. I'll be as generous as she, and give you hope.

RANDOLPH : Then, by that eternal hope which ever fills the voids of man's aspiring dreams, I swear to you I will strive on. Give me the right to call you Love, and I'll hew out a path to lead up to it.

LAURA : You are too sudden, too passionate, in your urgent pleading. Fire that burns too fiercely soon burns out. It is the smouldering flame that lingers on.

RANDOLPH : It is the lightning's flash whose spark electrifies the world.

VOICES : Laura ! Laura !

LAURA : They summon me away. I must be gone.

RANDOLPH : It cannot be that Fate envies me so soon my

new-found joy. It raised me from despair, but to despair again.

VOICES: Laura! Laura!

LAURA: Hope is not despair. I'll see you soon again.

RANDOLPH: Time till then will move with a laggard's tread. Give me a token which I can consecrate as an antidote against slow-moving time.

LAURA: An outward token is but a visual sign. Take that as a charm against all unknown harm. [*Offers him her hand.*]

VOICES: Laura! Where are you, Laura?

[*Randolph passionately clasps her hand, takes a ring off her finger, and puts his own in its place.*]

RANDOLPH: There is an inward and spiritual grace in this small band of burnished gold. It is to me a memento of my most cherished thoughts. Keep it as an imagery of me until I can replace it by another by which the holy church incorporates two in one.

VOICES: [*Directly at the window.*] Laura! Laura!

LAURA: Here I am, and coming. [*To Randolph.*] I will return again. [*Exit at window.*]

RANDOLPH: [*Holds ring up to light.*] Hail, glorious light, which, flashing from these polished stones, to me is harbinger of bright hope! Yet how often has your ethereal flash lured men to murder and to heinous crimes. Strange mystery, that your pure gleam should so kindle the sordid desires of ill-governed minds that men have often poised the worth of their immortal souls against the joy of your possession, that virtuous women should have sold their priceless heirloom for such fatal gems! I will place you here [*puts ring on his finger*], where your flashing rays can do no harm. It may light me on my way to Mantua. Meanwhile, until the sun of my existence re-appears, or else until the rosy-tinted, early morn ushers in

the day and stamps these fond illusions as but visions of a dream, I will wait here. How light my senses feel, and how bright these deep shades. [*Exit at D.*]

ARUNDEL: [*Enter from door.*] "What fools these mortals be!" Here am I, the brilliant son of an honest shoemaker, instead of sticking to my last, have stuck to the pose of a dishonest nobleman, and all society is at my feet. As Tom Scrugins I was ignored. As Archibald Arundel, Esq., a younger scion of an English family, and heir presumptive to a presumptive title, I am adored. I snub the father, and he apologizes for not doing more for me; I patronize the son, and he subsides in my presence, but when I am gone he apes my jackass ways. I bully the mother, and she flies from the field, leaving the daughter behind; I make an advance to her, and—well, she rushes into my arms. The girls are just delightful. One can put up with their folly. I have half a mind to disappear and then re-appear as Abdul Asisnt, Pasha, Bashi Bayouk, Grand Guyascutis, and openly demand the hands of a dozen maidens; and, by the eternal, I believe I could set the fashion and march off with the maidens! But would there not be an awakening? There would be a regular "go." I would be a-going, and the maidens would be gone. I believe old Cræsus here would look not unfavorably upon me as a son-in-law. I must have money. What with bullying my tailor, humbugging the hotel clerk, and borrowing from my so-called friends, I have managed so far to get along with but few payments in cash; but these infernal waiters expect a fee every time I turn around, and they have about cleaned me out. I must elevate old Boreas, which is to say, "raise the wind" somehow, or I am a gone goose myself. That was a clever dodge to quietly steal—oh, no! not steal, appropriate—those diamonds the other night, and give one to Miss Cræsus. I have already thrown overboard several anchors to windward. My familiarities with

the waiters and bootblacks have taken immensely, but my overtures to old Cræsus's Ganymede have thus far failed. I called him a nigger, thinking I would tickle him hugely, but the old chap didn't like it a bit. The next time I will call him a coon, and if that does not fit the bill, I will immortalize him as Cæsar Scipio Senegambiensis. I do not like the cast of that fellow's eye. If I am any judge of human nature, he thinks he owes me some grudge. Here he comes now. [*Enter Cæsar.*] Hello, old coon! How high must the chicken roost to-night?

CÆSAR: Dat depends, sar, 'pon de hawk dat is abroad. I'se her ter keep him off. [*Aside.*] My pretty chick shan't be caught by dis her hawk, if Cæsar's got the gumption as he thinks he has.

ARUNDEL: Good enough! Here is something with which to get an eye opener, so that you can be sure to keep other hawks away. [*Contemptuously tosses him a coin.*]

CÆSAR: [*Picks up coin deliberately and hands it back.*] I neber receibes a sarvice, sar, whar none was gibben in exchange.

ARUNDEL: [*Whistles.*] Well, you are a rare bird [*contemplates him curiously, then wrathfully*]; most rare among these many cormorants. Clear out from here! Your black visage to me presages more ill omens than that sombre-hued raven that could only croak for the lost Lenore. Get out, I say! [*Makes a plunge at Cæsar, who turns and runs. Kicks at him as he turns. Cæsar re-appears when his back is turned, and shakes a razor at him.*] That is one way to treat these fools. The more a snob bullies them the more subservient they become. Here comes old Cræsus. I'll ask him for his daughter. [*Puts on eye-glasses and strikes an attitude. Enter Slaughter at the door.*]

SLAUGHTER: Well, my Lord, I hope you do not find our little entertainment so very bad. Of course we can't do things

like you English swells, but it helps to "passey lee temps," as Frenchy would say.

ARUNDEL: Ah! bah Jove, might be worse; but don't call me lawd. Don't cher know we English drop our titles when we cross the pond?

SLAUGHTER: Yes, Mr.—Mr.—Arundel, that is, my lord, but you know you can't divest yourself of your distinguished air, which so asserts itself.

ARUNDEL: That's so; bah Jove, blood will tell.

SLAUGHTER: Yes, blood will tell. See here, my lord, I have a filly of my own flesh and blood, worth more to me than all the revenues in the laud. I want to see her mated well before I die, which may come much sooner than most people might expect, for my physician warns me. She shall not come empty-handed, I can assure you. [*Pauses, waits for Arundel to speak.*]

ARUNDEL: Right, quite right you are, bah Jove. In that you are very wise.

SLAUGHTER: Now, my lord, what better match for her than to unite with some member of the English nobility, the race that ever has been foremost in the world, and which has sired the bravest men who ever lived. [*Pauses again, wipes off perspiration, looks to him to speak.*]

ARUNDEL: Bah Jove. [*Pauses.*] Ah! ah!

SLAUGHTER: [*Attempts once or twice to speak.*] I see, my lord, that your great modesty prevents you from saying what must be uppermost in your mind. Let me say it for you?

ARUNDEL: Yaws! ah, yaws!

SLAUGHTER: Suppose you take my daughter?

ARUNDEL: [*Suppressing delight.*] Well, ah! don't cher know, I'll think about it.

SLAUGHTER: Come, that's right; she shall be prepared for this great honor.

ARUNDEL: Say, don't cher know we noblemen have to live

in some little style. Now, until I succeed to the title, I will not be able to maintain a wife with such rank as should become her sta—

SLAUGHTER: [*Interruptingly.*] That's all right. I will provide well for her.

ARUNDEL: Ah! yaws. Don't cher know, but a fellow don't want to go to his wife for what he needs.

SLAUGHTER: Hem! Your own estate should furnish you with that.

ARUNDEL: Yaws; but my friend Wales requires so much from those who marry—ah—outside, that I could not as yet meet with such demands.

SLAUGHTER: Would she see the Prince?

ARUNDEL: Of course; I always go with Wales to the palace.

SLAUGHTER: Then she would see the Queen?

ARUNDEL: Ah! that depends. She might go with me, but not with her family, that is, with you.

SLAUGHTER: But you would let me visit my child?

ARUNDEL: Yaws; sometimes.

SLAUGHTER: [*After reflection.*] Well, well, young folks don't care much for old folks. So long as she is happy, why should I wish to hamper her? Her poor old father would be like a fish out of water among such swells. What you say has some weight in it. How much money do you want?

ARUNDEL: [*Coolly.*] A hundred thousand.

SLAUGHTER: Dollars?

ARUNDEL: Naw; pounds. Dollars are too vulgar for me.

SLAUGHTER: That means a round half-million just for you?

ARUNDEL: Exactly so. Wales requires it; nobility obliges it.

SLAUGHTER: It shall be as you say. When will the ceremony take place?

ARUNDEL: The sooner the better.

SLAUGHTER: Very well. This little understanding about

the money had best be between you and me. If my daughter hears of it she might fly the track.

ARUNDEL: Yaws: quite right. I shall not mention it.

SLAUGHTER: Shake hands, my boy. [*They shake.*] A great load has been lifted from my mind. I shall be content when she takes her stand with those about the Queen. I'll go and prepare the way. [*Exit Slaughter by door.*]

ARUNDEL: [*Takes off his eye-glass and cuts a caper.*] Ye gods and little fishes! Now let me sacrifice a cock-roach to Venus and a scape-goat to Mars! Tom Scruggins, old boy, you are *e pluribus unum*. The little learning that you got at school has served you marvellously well. What might I not have learned had I then learnt much more? The old man has been prompt. Here comes the girl. [*Puts back his eye-glass, and attitudinizes.*]

LAURA: [*Enters from B.*] I hope, my lord, you do not find our guests so dull that you seek seclusion here?

ARUNDEL: Ah, naw. Don't cher know, one kaunt always talk.

LAURA: Yes; but there are many here who would do all the talking for you. You need but listen.

ARUNDEL: Yaws. Sometimes listening is quite a bore.

LAURA: To me listening is often tiresome, yet I am constrained to do it. [*Moves towards door.*]

ARUNDEL: Stay. I hope listening to me does not constrain you.

LAURA: [*Coquettishly.*] Not much.

ARUNDEL: I have something to say to you.

LAURA: [*More coquettishly.*] You have something to say. I thought, my lord, you usually said nothing.

ARUNDEL: Nothing to other girls. [*Tenderly.*] Everything to you.

LAURA: [*Seriously.*] To say everything, my lord, takes time. My guests require my time to-night. [*Moves off again.*]

ARUNDEL: [*Warming up.*] I am your guest to-night. Let me have that time.

LAURA: [*Again coquettishly.*] At your service, my lord.

ARUNDEL: [*After a pause.*] Can you not guess what it is I have to say?

LAURA: No; I am not good at guessing.

ARUNDEL: Other girls would be only too glad to talk to me.

LAURA: Then why do not you listen to them?

ARUNDEL: Because I had much rather talk to you. [*Comes nearer. Talks earnestly.*] You know very well when in sport I put a diamond ring on your hand that there lay hid behind the jest a deeper meaning. Can you not divine what that meaning was?

LAURA: The power of divination, my lord, does not convey the right to tell.

ARUNDEL: Then let me tell you; you should know. You must know I love you; that I long to place upon your brow my coronet, which done, my world would call you Countess. [*Pauses conceitedly.*] What do you say?

LAURA: [*Reflectively.*] To me such honor would be naught compared to love.

ARUNDEL: Why not unite the two in one?

LAURA: [*Decisively.*] No, my lord; I cannot give my heart nor take your hand.

ARUNDEL: [*Angrily.*] You reject me, then?

LAURA: [*Sadly.*] Say it not so harshly. Refusal is best couched in gentle words.

ARUNDEL: [*More angrily.*] You don't know what you are about. I have your father's consent. He will compel you to marry me.

LAURA: [*Spiritedly.*] My father could never compel me to do such a thing. He would not, even if he could.

ARUNDEL: You had better beware. I say you shall marry me! [*Seizes her hand.*]

LAURA: [*Breaks away.*] This is America, not England. An insult to an unprotected woman here finds swift avenging. I'll leave you to cooler reflections.

[*Disappears through door. Arundel hesitates, then follows her. Enter Randolph at D. Walks slowly forward, examining the ring. Enter Sergeant and Policeman from B and C. They dog his steps.*]

RANDOLPH: Were it not for this substantial emanation I would say that I had dreamed. But things must be real. Here is the sea, and there is the door behind whose gates there may be souls who have abandoned hope. But, judging from the sound of merriment within, they are sporting with Hope's half-sister, Joy. And she who has raised so high my hope of joy is also there. Oh! may the blighting touch of everlasting Time rest gently on her when the season comes. Oh! that my eyes could feast upon her form once more, if but to satisfy the hunger of my soul! [*Goes up to the window. Sergeant on one side, Policeman on the other, seize him. He shakes them off.*] Hands off, friends. [*They make another grab at him. He knocks one down, then the other. Both get up. Sergeant blows a whistle. Two more Policemen appear.*]

SERGEANT: You are my prisoner. Trapped at last! If you don't quit your fooling, I'll put these bracelets on you. [*Holds up handcuffs.*]

RANDOLPH: Prisoner? For what offence?

SERGEANT: That's too thin. Sicque him, boys! [*First Policeman makes a dive at him, and is knocked down at once. The others are about to close in on him, when Cæsar appears.*]

CÆSAR: 'Fore Gord! Get out ob here, ye honery cusses! What for you insult a gemmum like dis?

SERGEANT: Stand aside, Cuffee; we don't want you. [*They all make a dive for Randolph.*]

CÆSAR: I'll Cuffee you. [*Draws a large razor and makes at them. They all run. Enter Slaughter.*]

SLAUGHTER: What means all this noise?

SERGEANT: It means, Boss, that we have caged the bird.

SLAUGHTER: What bird? Where is any cage? Don't you know better than to create such a fuss about my house?

SERGEANT: See here, Boss, while you are frolicking, we are working. We have traced the stolen diamonds to this house to-night, and find one of the rings on this fellow's hand. He will now serve his country for his country's good.

RANDOLPH: Impossible! I did not steal this ring.

SERGEANT: How did you come by it, then?

RANDOLPH: [*Haughtily.*] That is none of your business.

SERGEANT: Yes, it is, my cove. That ring was stolen several weeks ago. The owner put us on the scent, and we have followed the fox to his hole.

SLAUGHTER: [*Addressing Randolph.*] I do not wish to have any disturbance before my guests here to-night. Will you not explain how that ring came into your possession? and if your explanation is satisfactory, I have no doubt but that these officers will no longer attempt to arrest you.

RANDOLPH: I decline to explain how I came possessed of this ring. I will say this much, I did not steal it.

SERGEANT: Ah! you have a partner, then? Well, as we are after the real thief, tell us who your partner was, and where he is, and we may let you off.

RANDOLPH: Was this ring indeed stolen?

SERGEANT: Yes; don't waste any more time; out with it, and we may let you off. I don't mind saying I admire your pluck and the science by which you have floored your man, but there are more of us here, and you will be overpowered in the end.

SLAUGHTER: Yes; it will be much better for you to disclose

the real thief. The crime, if proved on you, will send you to the penitentiary. From whom did you get that ring?

RANDOLPH: I still decline to tell. [*They prepare to close in on him.*] Sergeant, if this ring was stolen by the person from whom I received it, I will never reveal it; but I will make no further resistance to your execution of the law. [*They are about to handcuff him, when Laura enters from door, followed a little later by Arundel, who is visibly disturbed at sight of Policemen.*]

LAURA: Father, what means all this?

SLAUGHTER: Go back, my child; this is no place for you. These officers have just arrested this person with one of those stolen diamonds on his finger. He refuses to tell from whom he received it, and they are therefore taking him into custody..

LAURA: [*Looking at the ring, then at Randolph, and starts as she sees him.*] He got that ring from me. [*Discovering Arundel, and pointing towards him.*] That man there put it on my finger. [*Policemen start towards Arundel, who turns and immediately flees. Exit at A. Policemen start hurriedly after him.*]

CÆSAR: He called me niggars! [*Runs after him.*]

SERGEANT: Ah! ah! That, then, is the trail. [*Turning to Randolph.*] I beg your pardon, sir; I only did my duty.

SLAUGHTER: Why, Sergeant, you must be mistaken; that is Archibald Arundel, Esq., Earl of Warwick, and heir to an English dukedom.

SERGEANT: He! he! he! Ha! ha! ha! Haw! haw! haw! Earl of bosh! That is Tom Scuggins, a clever dupe. We had him on our list as a hotel jumper, but never as a thief before.

SLAUGHTER: Great heavens! Can that be true? [*Aside.*] What an escape!

SERGEANT: As true as preaching.

SLAUGHTER: [*Aside to Sergeant. By-play between Laura and Randolph.*] Sergeant, if you catch him and land him where

his mouth will be kept locked up for many years, I have a handsome thing for you here. [*Taps his pocket-book. To Laura.*] Come, my child, let us return to our guests, lest by noting our absence they may become aware of what has taken place.

[*A noise is heard. Enter Arundel from F. Behind him Policeman, then Cæsar, then other Policemen. Arundel stumbles and falls, turns over and fires a pistol, killing First Policeman. Cæsar grabs him and punches him while others hold him.*]

CÆSAR: You called me a nigger! You called me a nigger!

[*Curtain falls, ending scene.*]

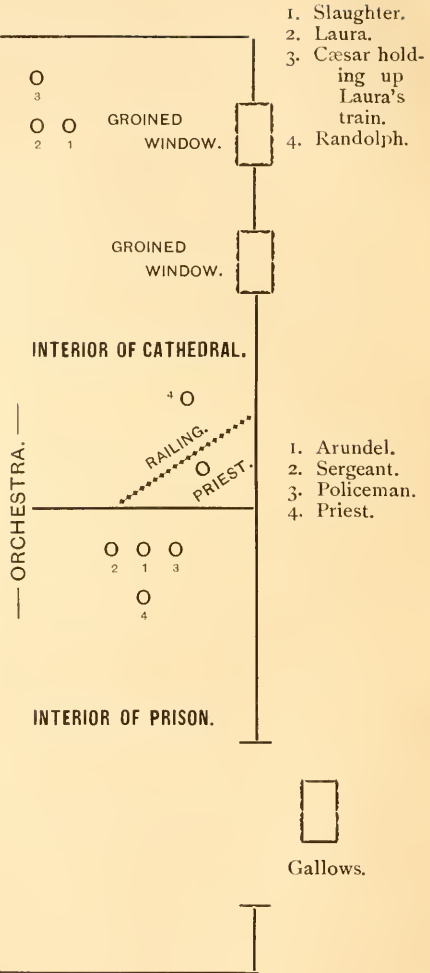
TABLEAU.

EXPLANATION.

The curtain rises upon Tableau, discloses two views, the interiors of a cathedral and a prison.

In cathedral, Slaughter, Laura, and Cæsar advance from door to music. At railing Slaughter hands Laura over to Randolph. They kneel and go through wedding service in pantomime.

In prison sergeant and policeman, Arundel in execution robes. Priest walks backwards holding up crucifix. As wedding service goes on, Arundel ascends gallows. Curtain drops as the wedding party rise, and noose put on Arundel.



PRESS COMMENTS ON THE HUGUENOT LOVERS.

[*State, Feb. 19, 1889.*]

"The Huguenot Lovers." A tale of the Old Dominion. By COLLINSON PIERREPONT EDWARDS BURGWYN. Richmond. Published by the author. Mr. BURGWYN has written a most pleasant story. The characters are well chosen and move with ease, and the conception of the story is original, and is smoothly carried out. A practical lesson it teaches is how Northern men are led to give up their prejudices against the South when they come in contact with its people and learn what they really are. The writer exhibits a vivid descriptive power in many passages, such as the winter scene on Charles river, and the rapid sketch of the battle at Fredericksburg. Equally impressive are the descriptions of the East River bridge, the City Hall in Philadelphia, and the first view of Washington. Many points of interest in Richmond are dwelt upon, and some of the men most prominent in our public life figure in these pages. "Edyth" and "Maud" are both well drawn. "Randolph Carter" is a faithful type of the Virginia gentleman, and his brother, "Peyton," is often seen in our hotels and at our watering places. The apostrophe to love possesses marked rhetorical power, and is one of the most striking and memorable passages in the book. Mr. BURGWYN is to be congratulated upon this successful literary effort, which, it is to be hoped, will be followed by others.

[*Richmond Times.*]

"THE HUGUENOT LOVERS." This is the title of a book recently published by Major C. P. E. BURGWYN; of this city, which has already received a number of complimentary notices from the Richmond press.

A careful reading of the book shows that it is a work of decided merit. Major Burgwyn has always been known in this city as a careful, conscientious, and hardworking civil engineer, who has risen to deserved prominence in his profession. His most intimate friends, however, never accused him of being of a romantic turn of mind, and his development into the author of a love story was therefore a decided surprise.

The book is written in exactly such a style as would be expected by a practical man who occasionally takes mental recreation. The love part of the story is portrayed solely for the purpose of relieving the main object of the author, that of disabusing the Northern mind of the fallacies which Northern professional South-hating politicians are so fond of industriously circulating regarding alleged barbarous treatment of Northern prisoners in the South during the war. The refutation of this charge, as presented in the scene between "Colonel Randolph" and "Edyth," at Libby Prison, is complete, and if nothing else is accomplished by the book, Major Burgwyn may be well satisfied with his success.

[*Critic, February 24, 1889.*]

"THE HUGUENOT LOVERS." A Tale of the Old Dominion. By C. P. E. Burgwyn. From the author.

A novel from the pen of Mr. Burgwyn will be read with interest by his many Richmond friends. To their personal interest in the author will be added the pleasure of an ideal Virginia story. The local coloring of the work, as well as the faithful portraiture of typical Virginia characters, is marked. The descriptions of Washington, Richmond, and the battle of Fredericksburg are vivid, faithful and accurate. "Edyth" attracts us by her purity and highmindedness as well as by the beauty of her form and face, whilst the Carters possess the manly virtues that should mark those who bear that name. The interest of the story is well sustained, whilst Mr. Burgwyn's pages are often illumined by a genuine eloquence and tender pathos.

[*Richmond Dispatch, February 15, 1889.*]

"THE HUGUENOT LOVERS." A Tale of the Old Dominion. By C. P. E. Burgwyn, A. B., C. E., M. Am. Soc. C. E., &c., &c., &c. Richmond, Va. Published by the author, 1889.

Another Richmond author. We have not yet read the book, but shall do so as soon as convenient. A mere glance at its pages tells us that it indicates that the true fire of genius can be claimed in its author.

For sale at the book stores.

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